YANCY STREET GAZETTE

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September 8801 Trafalgar Ct., Springfield, Virginia 22151 NO. 21

Club News

We got a hint of the Gazette's latest trend last ish with the Vince Colletta interview; this month the Gang opens 'em up! In this and coming issues, news straight from the Bullpen's mouth! This time we're printing scoops, a Steranko pic, a Roy Thomas article, and a Werner Roth Backcover and interview. Next month...so far we can promise scoops, an interview with Don Heck, and possibly pictures of Roy Thomas and Dick Giordano, (who isn't with the Bullpen, but who gets the editors' votes as editor #1). In future months we have Buscema, Kirby, and Severin interviews, plus pix, plus...?

You guys have been the absolute GREATEST by getting us these wonderful articles and scoops. Keep them coming, and if you have not ever written an article for the YSG, why not give it a whirl. Thanks to all those members who paid their dues in advance--it helps greatly!! For those of you who haven't paid your dues in a few months: Please try to get it in because we do like to try new things to see if you like them, but no can do if Solly Chahlie no sendum Yankee Dollah. Note: We keep members on the active list for three months after their dues run out (In other words you get three free YSGazettes when you quit) We understand that everybody has monetary problems so we give that 3 month allowance for you to get your dues in.

From now on you will no longer find the issue number to which you are paid next to your name on the envelope. Reasons: After they are typed and a member decides to send in dues, it's too darn hard to keep changing about 50% of the envelopes.

Thanks are in order here to all members for their work for the Gang. Especially Tony Isabella and Pat Janson for their Public Relations work in contacting new members. A change of policy: As you know, about 3 months ago, the PRC (Public Relations) was to take over the Prospective Members Dept. as well as welcoming new members. Well the results are in to the effectiveness of the method of a prospective receiving a letter from a member and then joining if he likes the letter.
It didn't work as well as the free copy indoctrination method. So we are reverting back to the old method, but with the PRC still welcoming the new members.

Our thanks to all of those who help on the PRC-you're the ABSOLUTE GREATEST!!! For those of you who are seeing the YSG for the first time, we bid thee welcome to Marvel's formost fanzine and we encourage you to peruse the zine and if you like what you see, why not join us Bengy Clobberers--just 25¢ to join and 25¢ per issue of the Gazette. Non-members 35¢. Our appreciation to all those of you for making the Gang and paper soar to the highest degree of excellence since our beginning in 1966.

This is your time to Give Credit where Credit is Due department. For one thing, let's have a cheer for the stalwart of the welcome wagon, Ann Henry. And we'd like to thank the Mike's, especially Jay and his MARVELous mom, who helped with the assembling and mailing last month when Steve was in school and the stapler broke down!

Gerry Mooney is the Yancy Streeter responsible for this month's interview with Werner Roth. He had to take the interview down in longhand when his tape-recorder broke down, so future issues will be longer. Next month: He has contacted Don Heck, and for months after that he's planning Kirby and Buscema.

Special thanks to all the great guys who have called us long distance to gab! It really knocks us flat when we lift up the receiver and there are guys like Bob Gale, Gerry Mooney, Todd Freeman, Bob Krotts, Tony Isabella, and Ken Viola. It was even fun to talk to John Nyman!

Steve, John, and Jim

GATEWAY CON II

by Bob Gale

On the last three days of June, 1968, the Gateway Comic Art Fan Club of St. Louis sponsored its second comics convention at the Ben Franklin Hotel in downtown St. Louis. All total during the weekend some 60 or 70 fans attended, not only from the St. Louis area, but also Florida, New York, and California.

The first day of the con, Friday, was rather hectic. Although setting up took enough time, the hotel forced us to change the location of the dealer's room twice--after the dealers were all set up!! The room finally ended up in a hotel suite--very classy! Most of the afternoon was spent here where there was the usual haggling between fans over such exciting items as Millie the Model #4 and a Captain America toy tricycle. And of course there was heated arguing between Marvel and DC fans as to whose company put out the better product. The display was opened later in the day in which there was a fantastic display of Golden Age comics, such as Captain America #1, Flash #1, Superman #2, and many other classics. The walls were lined with original art, color cover proofs, and many old movie posters. One table was covered with foreign comics of all kind; it was quite interesting to note how these were reproduced. For example, the Italian Comics Company is unable to print lavender, so the costumes of Batman and the Phantom are printed red! After an hour dinner break, fans returned to the display room to watch the first of several movies to be shown during the weekend, "Curse of the Aztec Mummy", featuring a hero called the Angel. This was a trashy Mexican movie about a man with no super powers wearing a paper bag on his head, a "T"-shirt, and a belt with a big letter "A" on it. He went around getting himself in traps. It was, however, good for a few laughs. Then everyone adjourned to the dealers' room where a party was thrown. At the height of the chattering, yelling, and screaming, who do you think walked in? Why, it was none other than the Con's guest of honor, Rascally Roy Thomas! Roy entered (with his girl friend whom he married a day after the Con; Congratulations, Roy!!) and immediatley attracted a growing circle of fans around who literally gave him the

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STAFF

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Writers Everybody!
Artists (this issue) Alvin Grinage, Dave Cockrum, Bastine, Werner Roth

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third degree, begging him to disclose top secret information concerning Marvel--but more on this later.

Saturday morning again was spent in the dealers' room with the same old people (again) fighting each other tooth and claw for old Marvels and E.C.'s. After lunch, more movies were shown. Unfortunately, the club did not get all the scheduled movies on time for the Con, so some substitutions were made. After seeing some 200 foot silent super hero movies, a special 16mm film homemade by an attendee was shown. This was by far the most interesting film of the convention; it consisted of many pieces from different movies spliced together in no particular order. For example, the film began with a rocket taking off, switched to Radio City Music Hall, switched to a street scene, then to a cartoon, then to a disaster scene, and then to a western, etc.(and this was a comics convention!) After this fantastic flick another great one was shown; this consisted of thirty minutes of commercials. Needless to say, many people walked out on this one; in fact, it wasn't long before the projectionist walked out! The lights were turned on, and people came back into the display room to MARVEL at the original art that Roy brought--need I say more? About an hour later, the science fiction classic, "Metropolis", was shown. But after eight out of an original ten, it was time for the banquet which featured an after dinner talk by Roy. Here Roy related to us some of the secret plans of Marvel and some from National.

Plans will soon see a fifth person join the ranks of the Avengers, a revamped version of the Vision. I saw one of John Buscema's drawings of this guy, and he looks interesting.

Jerry Siegel is now working for Marvel. Don't get excited, though, for he will only be doing some western scripts.

DC's Spectre will be discontinued after seven or eight issues. Coming drom DC soon will be a Carmine Infantino special 64 pager (25¢), reprinting some of his fine work such as ADAM STRANGE, the first Batman story, a "Strange Sports" story, and others.

These were some of the highlights of Roy's talk. After the banquet, the rest of Metropolis was shown, and the dealers' room reopened for the rest of the evening. He said that he had a lot of work piled up, and he had to get back to New York for the convention there.

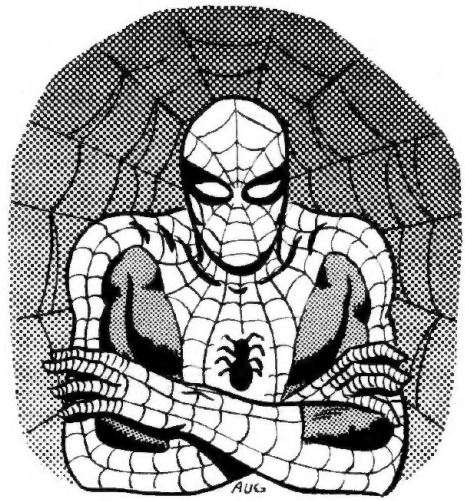
On Sunday morning the last film was shown. "Rocketship" was the feature length version of the Flash Gordon serial of 1936. A million dollars was spent to make this film--the special effects were spectacular. The dealers' room was reopened for the last time with the dealers slashing their prices in order to get rid of large amounts of trash. Gateway Con II was concluded about 2 PM; a good time was had by all.

Rex Next year, in the event that the World Science Fiction Convention is held in St. Louis--and there is a mighty good chance of that--there will be no Gateway Con III. If the World Con is NOT held in St. Louis, there will be a third Gateway Con. In any event, you should start thinking about visiting St. Louis next summer now!

Bob Gale/8250 Groby/University City/Missouri 63132

View from the Bullpen

BY ROY THOMAS



For once, and with some relief, I find myself in some degree of agreement with gadfly Mark Evanier! I won't go into the misunderstanding of which he tries and finds me guilty; if anyone re-reads his article, he will be able to comprehend exactly why I said what I said, whether he agrees with me or no. (I.E., if Mark wasn't exactly touting Mr. Ray Bradbury as "possibly the greatest writer in the world", he was at the very least leaving himself wide open for the kind of attack. I made my points, which for the most part Mark has not bothered to rebut (he has even given up some of his more violent anti-Kirby stands, or at least tempered them by saying Kirby is only mediocre by comparison to Michelangelo, which even I will buy), so we'll let the issue drop there.

But, I said I agreed with Evanier; maybe I should say on what points. First, he didn't buy the paranoid statements of some fellow fans that I'm against everyone who is not a Marvel worshipper. I'm not myself one of the latter...I don't worship much of anything, least of all a comic book company. Secondly, we're both glad Mike Murdock has been laid to rest; though a good idea, he was not the kind of thing that would last over the long haul, and he eventually became more of a high mark in current comics. Fourth... and I don't mean to be sticking in a shiv... if there was some misunderstanding between us --it was due to Mark's writing. If I missed his point, it was only because his point was murky...and I didn't so much miss it as I did choose to combat it by the indirect method of knocking away at some of the pillars of his argument, a time-tested debating method of the approved school.

By the way, the name of Surfy's letters page will be "Who Speaks for the Surfer?" Even Mark will like that one, I think.

Enough of Mark: I've never harbored anything personal against him...only occasionally against his value judgments...and I said all I wished to say in one diatribe. When he says something anew which I feel is ill-considered, I'll say so; otherwise, I'll continue to read his articles (as well as those of others) with interest as long as he appears to be objective.

Stan and I regret the exact way that some recent letters have been chopped up; we are not sure just what happened in the particular cases your zine mentioned, since they are just a couple out of many, but rest assured that, if any letters were so altered in tone that they changed the total meaning of the missive, it was unintentional. Stan, or whoever is responsible in a given case, merely marks those parts which he feels are of general interest without being so critical that they are likely to unduly offend the pro discussed. (I myself have a personal dislike of fans who write in the "fire Mr. Tuska" or whoever kind of letters; when a fan tries to act as judge and jury, deciding the fate of a man who works on comics for a living, he puts himself, for me, on the level of some of the Bircher or left-winger characters who feel that they, and they alone have a right to decide which laws to obey.) But, to return to the matter of the letters, the chances are that Bob Gale's letter--which, naturally, I don't remember--had an attack on Craig's artwork which Stan considered a bit too violent. We pay attention to such letters, of course...if there are a lot of them, the book which that artist draws could be in trouble. And the fact that we read the letters is the important thing, is it not? --Not whether or not we print exactly the portions which the writers choose. If a reader is writing for the proper reason...to try to criticize a mag constructively...it should be enough to know that his comments are being scrutinized, without being necessarily immortalized in print. Still, we admit that occasionally such quoting can accidently be done

out of context, t are y changing the sense of a letter. For this we are certainly willing and eager to apologi e to Bob Gale, Mike Hudak, or whoever...however, it was not we who said that we had a new policy for Marvel letters pages. I presume that you and Mike were misled by a card saying that "your letter" would be printed; this means, of course, either the whole letter or an excerpt from it. Mike's complaint about the art-swipes was read, along with a handful of others, and the matter has been discussed with Dan on occasion. We hope that's enough for all of you; but Marvel must have the power, as does every DC editor, to handle its letters pages in its own way.

Interestingly, it was a DC editor... Dick Giordano...who best summed up in print the way I feel personally about fans. If you want to read my own views, and those of most pros I know, you have merely to read his answer to a fan in the current DEADMAN that he "presumes too much."
C'est vrai!

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Roy Thomas

MARK EVANIER

GRAPHIC TRAFFIC

There's No Plot Like an Old Plot

Mighty Man, defender of the weak, upholder of justice, and all-around good egg, leaps into battle with Evilo, persecutor of the weak, destroyer of justice, and all-around antagonist. Using his ultrasonic death ray, Evilo hurtles Mighty Man backwards until he smashes through a twenty-foot thick brick wall. Slowly, as Mighty Man recovers, it becomes apparent to Evilo that the Man of Might has amnesia, for his first words are: "Who am I? Where am I?"

And so, another super-hero sails into oblivion as he embarks on another tired, old plot. The names are frequently different--Sometimes the hypnosis is administered by a rap on the head or a machine of some kind--but the plot is basically the same...The hero need discover who he be. How many times have you seen it done? Superman has done it dozens of times---Batman almost as many. Flash has had it, as had the Elongated Man, Green Lantern, Wonder Woman, and the entire Justice League. The Metal Men and the Blackhawks have suffered such lapses of memory--As have the challengers of the Unknown, Robotman, Sea Devils, Space Ranger--the list is endless. Turning to Marvel, Spider-Man, Sub-Mariner, Giant Man, a dozen or so villains and others. Tower has used it a few times...the list is endless. Turning to other fields, James Bond and every other thirty-five cent spy has lost his memory--Even the greatest on the Silver Screen has used this tired, old plot (It wasn't quite as old then) in "A Chump at Oxford" with Stan Laurel and Olie Hardy. The plot dates back literally hundreds of years.

Or how about this one--? The hero (sometimes in conjunction with the previous chestnut) apparently turns evil. It happens every other issue in Spider-Man and every other Marvel hero has undergone it at least once, not to mention every DC hero, especially the wonderful "new look" in Metal Men and just about every other company's creations. The list is endless.

Fact is, there is nothing new under the sun--every plot is naught but a rehash of someone else's brainchildren which were derived from something someone else thought up, et cetera...

Every bit of creativity in this world is based on that which came before it. That is known as progress.

How about this one...? The hero is put in jail for some reason. It looks like he's turned evil, but it's all part of some plan concocted by the hero and some high-ranking official who has gone into a coma since then, leaving the hero with no way of proving his innocence. That one's as old as the one where the hero's identity is exposed --It was, naturally, a hoax or a dream.

Audiences, however, are getting hip. In the past few years, television has increased people's awareness of the entertainment media, comics included. Now, more than ever, DC has been striving for something different. Even Superman is losing those dream surprise endings and super-Jerry White stories, at a slow rate. Even more daring was Charlton which has, alas, been abandoned to the horrible fate of Fraccio/Tallarico art and rehashed stories. Marvel has slowed down the diversification process slightly in order to establish a stronger line, but upcoming projects heard through rumor-carriers sound promising. Spectacular art is "in"--Don't be good--Just dif-

ferent...a philosophy which should be applied to writers and not artists. Nevertheless, the days of Mighty Man and his recurring amnesia are fading. In its place, we find the different comics--Creeper, the Geek, Hercules, and Not Brand Echh.

NBE is a good example, however, of diversification within the stereotype. It is different...that kind of mag hasn't been around for awhile. (I, for one, do not suggest that NBE is a copy of the Inferior Five. Nor do I suggest that the IF is copied from NBE as Marvel allowed a reader to imply in an LOC in NBE #9 --Rather I feel NBE was inspired by the Kurtzman Mads (compare covers of Mad #1 and NBE #1 for a coincidence) and the IF by the Feldstein Mads). True, it is a natural idea that an art form take a pause every so often to spoof itself...Every other month may be a bit too often, though. In NBE, Marvel takes the typical type of comic which they produce and they give it a new slant. NBE is a pause for "refreshment" although I feel the Silver Surfer, for instance, greatly takes away from the Silver Surfer.

The question here is not how much diversification will make for a good comic ... but how much will sell. There is a classic fantasy type which every comic must embody--How far can they get from it and still please the drug store cowboys which account for a goodly percentage of every comic's sales? Clearly, it would not do for DC to kill off Superman and start a line of comics dealing with jungle explorers. Though jungle explorers are lacking in comics, they do not sell...And that's the name of the game..."MONEY"!

That is to say, old plots are being left behind a bit too fast--or, even worse, disguised as new plots. We, as comic fans, must be ready to accept stories as new versions of old things. Only by taking a close look at what comics are doing today can we find what we want to read...In some cases, it is that same old tired thing (if it can still hold your interest which, under a skillful editor, it can) and in some cases, it is Enemy Ace or Not Brand Echh (different slants on old ideas) or even the Geek or Bat Lash, which are relatively new ideas for comic books.

Oh--In case you're waiting, Mighty Man smashed through another brick wall and got his memory back and everyone lived happily ever after. Mark Evanier

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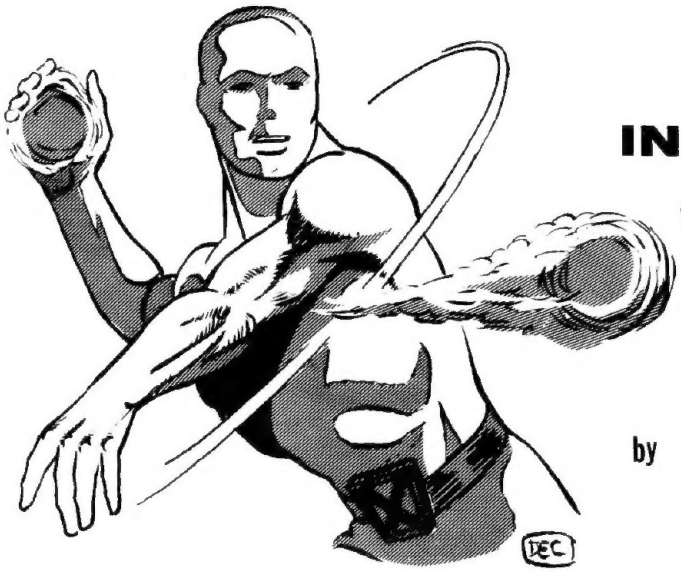
Cartoon Corner

Dave Cockrum



INTERVIEW:

WERNER ROTH

by Gerard Mooney

We spoke with Mr. Roth on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 13. Our leading question was to ask for a quick rundown of his artistic career. The first words out of his mouth were "life-long frustration". His career, he told us, wasn't launched immediatley because of a hitch in the service. Previous to this, he was assistant to the Curator of Prints at the Boston Public Library, his job of cutting mats. He then served a tour of duty in the service for three years, and upon leaving Uncle Sam he began to freelance at anything at all, ranging from layouts to spot drawings. At the time, he associated with kids from school all of whom were doing the same sort of thing. Unfortunately, he soon realized that there was a limited market in Boston for this sort of freelancing, and so he came to New York. To his dismay, he found that he couldn't get ANY freelance jobs there, so he decided to get a steady job. That was doing illustrations for military manuals; it was a while before he ran into people doing comics. He decided to investigate this field of endeavor and found himself working for Stan Lee and Timely Comics in 1949.

He expected at the time to stay only a couple of years and eventually to move on to other illustration jobs.

He never did.

Mr. Roth stayed with the Timely/Atlas until 1957, when that company closed briefly and went to work for DC. There he stayed for eight years, and when one of the departments there had some difficulty, he called Stan and got right in with the X-Men from ish #13. From there all true Marvelites are familiar with his career.

YSB-Mr. Roth, why is that you don't ink your own work?

WR-The only reason I don't ink is that I found I was too slow in inking. For the sake of speed I'd rather let other people do it.

YSB-Are you allowed any choice as to who inks your work?

WR-No.

YSB-Have you any preference as to who would be best to ink your art?

WR-Joe Sinnot handled my stuff best of anybody, although I haven't given much thought as to who might really be best. I like Joe Sinnott's strength; my work needs that to be effective.

YSB-How do you like working over Don Heck's layouts?

WR-I don't mind at all. He does a pretty complete job. I make some changes to satisfy my own way of drawing, but as a rule, I let it stand.

YSB-How do you feel about Marvel's use or over-use of zipatone?

WR-It's all due to Stan's interest in interesting effects; I can't say it's been over-used.

YSB-Do you prefer to do any specific type of story, that is, if you had a choice, what kind of story would you do?

WR-I like to do any outdoor type thing

with settings natural.
MSH-Do you ever set a story outdoors? I mean, if you see a possibility in a story, would you do the sequence outdoors?
JK-If I were to plot the story--I did plot many of the early ones--it might be the natural thing. However, I don't consciously lean it that way.
MSH-Who do you consider to be your favorite artist?
JK-Jack Kirby.
MSH-Do you enjoy working with Marvel more than you did with DC?
JK-Oh, yes.
MSH-Can you put your finger on any one big difference between Marvel and DC?
JK-Yes. There's only one man who heads the show at Marvel, and that's Stan. With DC, the different departments had their own editors, and what was done in one department, one didn't necessarily meet people from the other departments.
MSH-Do you think Marvel has hit it's peak?
JK-Marvel never stands still; it has many peaks. Stan is one always to look for a new angle; he doesn't try to keep things static...he's always reaching for something new.
MSH-In conclusion, do you have anything to say to your fans, our readers, about your chosen profession?
JK-Comics are a lot of fun, although it's a rat race because there is a very strong demand on turning the stuff out. Nobody makes an easy life of it--there's no such thing as a five day week.

Next month another great interview by Gerry Mooney: Don Heck! Be there! -SG

SUPERMAN MARRIED ???

by Ann Henry

"But I have plans, darling, The next marriage will be for keeps."

Do you know who said that? There is a hint in the word next. Would you believe Superman? The man of Steel--the most confirmed bachelor in comic history. He's gonna do it, one of these days.

I can't count the times when Superman has confirmed and avowed his bachelorhood. How many times for one reason or another has he sworn to deny himself the bliss of marriage? How many times has he expressed any emotion other than concern, if you can call that an emotion.

To regular readers of DC, this change in the world's (let's face it Marveldom) most well known hero could not have been the shock that it was to me. There I was reading over the shoulder of my little sister when Superman lovingly put his arms around Lois (of course Lois Lane) and promised to marry her, someday.

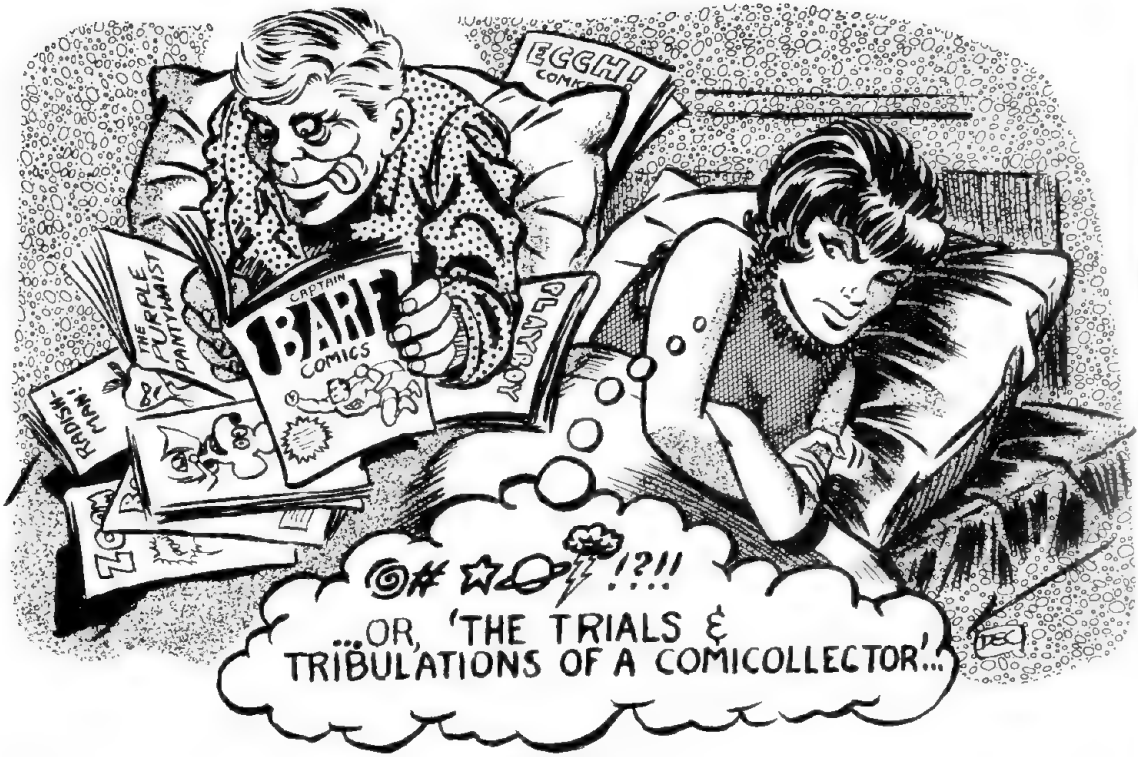
Superman and Lois married. 'Linda' gets you, doesn't it. I personally don't believe this touch of realism will do much for Supy. I will admit, however, that I may have been brainwashed by his and Lois' past actions.

At least it poses a few interesting questions. What will happen to those delightful imaginary tales, so popular in DC mags? And wouldn't it be very hard to keep his secret identity from his wife. That would blow all those wonderful plots about Lois' almost psychotic preoccupation with exposing his identity. Then there's Lana Lang. Or has peace been made there? Yes, that union will cancel out some really great ideas, but it could open some doors.

I've always wondered about Supy becoming a husband and Lois, the scoop grabbing, lead smelling newspaper woman, a wife and mother. It's not impossible that Mr. & Mrs. Superman could offer definite competition to Mr. and Mrs. Reed Richards. It's not impossible, but it would take some doing.

All this is mere speculation, of course. In the story I mentioned, the marriage had been a farce because Superman had been tricked into the proposal. This seems to show that there is some strength of moral fiber left in her for she refused to continue the marriage. And so, she told Supy that she could not remain married to him. Then came those fateful words, "The NEXT marriage will be for keeps."

Ann Henry 2417 Willow St. New Orleans, La. 70113



BY DAVE COCKRUM

For nearly as long as I can remember, I've been a member of that small group of people lumped roughly into the scientific category of 'Comicus Bookus Psychoceramicus'. In case you're curious, psychoceramics are commonly known as 'crackpots' (break it down yourself; 'psycho--cracked, and ceramic--pot). These afflicted unfortunates, looked upon with askance and condescension by most of the population and referred to vulgarly as 'them comic book nuts', are oftimes beset by some of the most unbelievable difficulties anyone could imagine.

Take myself, for example. Years ago, my parents made a great mistake. They bought me a subscription to Looney Toons and Merry Melodies, which, at the time, featured Bugs Bunny, Mary Jane & Sniffles, and a pair of kid brothers who were some kind of rodents--pack rats or gophers, or something. Previous to that, I'd never seen a comic book before. That was the start of it all. Suddenly, I couldn't get enough of comic books! I was only about five years old and we lived on a farm, so naturally I didn't have much chance to go looking for myself; I had to survive on the generosity of my parents. Their generosity only extended, alas, to an occasional Walt Disney in addition to my subscription, but I hoarded those comics, stuffed them under my mattress and in every nook and cranny, mainly to keep my younger brother and sister away from them.

Then came my parents' second big mistake. Even bigger than the first, perhaps. My dad, who was teaching in a high school at the time, brought home a comic he'd confiscated from a student, called *BOY CRIME FIGHTER*, a violent, crime-ridden mag about a kid who ran around knocking the crap out of adult villains; his favorite punching bag was an evil-looking character with a saw-toothed, iron lower jaw whose name was--you guessed it--Ironjaw. This opened a whole new world! I had never imagined such things existed! Imagine--a comic book without sickeningly-cute little animals parading around getting into petty troubles!

Even at that tender age, you see, I was getting pretty sick of the cartoon animal.

Then I discovered Captain Marvel and I was on my way. I'd sneak off from my folks when we were in town and slap down my dime for a big fifty-two page issue of my hero, slip it in my shirt and smuggle it back into the house. I bet my folks still wonder why I always used to make crinkling noises when I bent over. I told 'em it was a rusty stomach. I hid Captain Marvels in drawers, in socks, on closet shelves, under bookcases, everywhere, like a pack rat gone crazy. This was treasure indeed! I played Captain Marvel with joyous abandon, tying a blanket around my neck and leaping off the porch shrieking 'Scissors!'--I couldn't pronounce 'Shazam'--and beating the daylights out of my brother, who looked suspiciously like Dr. Sivana to me. Not as cagey as I, my brother actually tried the cape-and-battle-cry bit out of a 3rd story window, and it's only due to his hard head that he's with us today.

Then disaster struck. We moved off the farm, when I was about eight. In packing everything, my folks discovered the hoary morass of comic books stashed away around my room. Horrors, they demanded, where did all these violent, evil crime fighter comics come from? What happened to all the nice 'funny books' (aaaargh, how I hate that term) we bought you? I'll tell you, Mom; they went out the damn window, that's where they went. Anyway, you can guess what happened. My beloved Captain Marvels went up in smoke, and as it turned out it was his funeral pyre, because it was shortly thereafter that he went out of print. I saw only one or two more before the end, and my mom found and burned those, too.

After Captain Marvel abandoned me, I turned to what was left--which wasn't all that much. By this time the great flurry of the Golden Age was dying a long, painful death. Of course, there was the Submariner and the Black Knight--the former was too nasty-tempered to suit me; I wanted my heroes to like me, and it was for sure that the Namor of those days wouldn't particularly do so. The Black Knight I loved with a passion. There was action, pomp and pageantry with a flair, and I ran around the neighborhood beating kids over the head with wooden swords, playing Black Knight (I also used the same swords to play Prince Valiant; The Black Knight of Falworth, who was a different Black Knight; and John Carter of Mars, whom I idolized beyond words).

Then, of course, there was Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman and the rest of the DC group; somehow they didn't really satisfy me. Especially Wonder Woman--I never liked the idea of a woman who could beat the crap out of me with her little finger; with my mom, at least it took a stick or her whole hand. But, one selects from the choice at hand, and I started stashing away everything I could get, from the above-named titles to the Crimson Avenger, and even Frankenstein, which was a blood-gushing pure horror mag that scared hell out of me.

They got burned too, ultimately. Every time we moved my comics got it right in the old bazoo. Since my dad was a Reserve Air Force Officer, now recalled to active duty, that meant a move every three years or so. I'd spend three years building up a new collection only to have it go up in smoke when we changed duty stations. As I got older and wiser, my hiding places grew more devious and complex, but my mom was always more devious and complex than my hiding places, and poof went the comics.

I'd estimate that by the time I got to college I'd lost a couple thousand dollars worth of comics in the burning barrel. But, even in college the mags weren't safe; if the mags were returned at all, when someone borrowed them, they looked like they'd been through a paper shredder. Hence, I stopped lending. But, alas, my folks decided I should move to a school closer to home and when I left, my landlady promised to send out my heavy stuff by express. It arrived sans comic books. She had a ten-year-old kid who'd been coveting those mags for two years, and I hope he enjoyed the dickens out of them, the little #**?!!!

After three years of college I got bored and decided to do something 'exciting' like join the Navy (it's generally been an exercise in boredom, and I've been kicking myself for dropping out ever since; I definitely don't recommend it, and don't you take it as setting an example, either). Comic collecting in the Navy came to be an art of deception and concealment, because you had to be good at hiding them to get through a locker inspection. Then too, there were the borrowers again, and there's many a sailor who remembers me with vituperative remarks because I let him know I wasn't running a library. House rules were that no comic left my sight while someone else was reading it, and more than once I was called 'you cheap, stingy, no-good, @#&**°+?/°°!!!' or words to that effect. I finally got a car, for one thing to get 'closet space', and kept the comics I'd read more than ten times in the trunk. When I went home on leave I'd sneak them in the house (I never learn) and lock them securely in a big footlocker. That, I figured, they'd never break into! Imagine my horror, then, upon coming home one time to find that my brother had been into the locker and had comics all over the room. It seems I walked off and left the key at home...

I put a stop to that nonsense. I took the key with me. Now, I thought, my comics are safe. HAH!!! About a year and a half later, after I was married, my folks sent out a bunch of junk they thought I might want (I gave most of it away to good will) and it was packed in my foot locker!! My dad had broken open the lock! What of the comics, the more than a thousand comics I had stashed within? Guess.

To backtrack a bit; it was shortly after I joined the Navy and had reported to Fighter Squadron 124 at Miramar, California that I received my first of many letters from a

girl, a perfect stranger named Andrea Kline, who'd read a letter of mine in FF #36; she suggested we become pen pals. We wrote for over two years. She had an interest in comics too, and we seemed to have a lot else in common. No wonder, then, that ten days after she came out to San Diego to meet me for the first time, we ran off to Las Vegas (breaking Navy regulations in the process--I was 'out of bounds' without permission) and got married.

Life with Andrea is a ball, but I've often wondered how my poor, beloved, long-suffering wife can put up with my antics. I stay up until midnight, one o'clock or later either drawing or reading the latest batch of comics, while she lays in bed mumbling vile epithets at me. She's long since given up trying to keep any order in the areas where I stash my comics; every time she opens a closet she gets buried in bales, bundles, and musty, aged stacks of ancient comics that come cascading off the shelves. Many's the time I've dragged the poor girl off to some dingy, ill-lighted bookstore that smells of mold and rotting paper, to sit patiently--if perhaps with a little disgust--while I rummage and dig through stacks of crusty, grimy, moth-eaten comics of ancient origin, sometimes for hours at a stretch. I never realize how slow time passes for her, since I could do that until doomsday and not even stop to eat. She just sits there quietly, though, staring daggers at me. When the daggers really fly, though, is when I plunk down the money on the counter for the treasures I dredge up; comicollecting can run into quite a sum of money. Not that she's really against it, you understand; now that I'm on Guam and she's in New York she's even contributing to the habit; just a few weeks ago she sent me an old 1947 issue of Whiz Comics, featuring good ol' Captain Marvel, and a 1950 edition of Daredevil (and believe me--unless you've read one of those old DD mags, you'll never know how useless a superhero is when he's just a supporting character, even if the mag's title is his name). She won't tell me what she paid for them.

She also attended the Comicon known as SCARP--the Society for Comic Art Research & Preservation--to let me know what it was all about, and had the unmitigated gall to meet Jim Steranko and have him take her to a luncheon of comic artists & editors! If I went to something like that, I not only wouldn't get to meet anyone--especially anyone like Steranko--I probably wouldn't even get in the door! I turned positively green. I always miss out.

The final, and really infuriating, problem, is finding comics on Guam. They arrive here at least a month later than they hit the stands 'back in the world'. Andrea has been sending me mags for almost a month, and I'm still finding even older ones here that I never saw before, so I'm going nuts with great rapidity; I'm so far behind now, I'd have to be three months ahead to be a month behind. Does that make any sense? I thought not... THE END

ON THE CORNER OF YANCY STREET

By Tony Isabella

Before we get to the main business at hand, I think that a few wahoos are in order for the members of the Public Relations Committee. Working under co-chairman Pat Janson and myself, they've been doing a **really terrific job.** So let's hear it for Fred Hembeck, George Keitel, Gary Robinson, Carter Scholz, Steve Polwort, Craig Pierce, Mark DiFazio, and Warren Bluhm. And an extra-loud cheer for our trio of lovelies, Ann Henry, Amy Hoecker, and Jane Hoecker. I want to especially thank Amy, who is John and Jane's great aunt, for the crumb of cinnamon toast she sent me. She's trying to achieve a homey atmosphere in her letters. The YSG-PRC owes a lot to this grand old lady, who writes her letters while rocking away in her little old chair. (I hope you guys didn't mind the above put-on. Amy is really only 15. That's about 212 years younger than yers truly.)

The results of last July's poll are just about counted. In the meantime, as promised last issue, here's my views on the questions.

The voting is running slightly in favor of more fiction. The main complaint about the fiction we've been running is that it's too short. Well, we've got a solution for that, one that you'll find out in the months to come. So don't miss an issue of the YSG. We've got a lot of interesting developments coming up and you won't want to miss them.

I like the idea of review columns (comics, books, fanzines) in the YSG, but you've got to realize that we are limited, as far as presenting these features, by the number of pages in the Gazette. Steve and I put our heads together on this problem, though, and we came up with a sensational idea.

In the month of October, we hope to present the first issue of a new magazine called YSG-PRC. This magazine will feature the most requested features that you have requested. Like, fer instance, 1.) On The Corner of Yancy Street; 2.) The new members list; 3.) Book review column; 4.) Comics review column; 5.) Fanzine review column; 6.) A trade corner; 7.) Bob Selig and his great column, Alleys of Yancy Street; 8.) Biographies; 9.) Photo-Page; 10.) New Writers Department; 11.) New Artist Department; and 12.) anything else that you, the Yancy Street Gang, request.

And now the really big news is yet to come. This is only the first of FOUR new magazines. But more on them in the months to come.

Back to the poll questions, I think that both the MMMS titles and Stan Lee's footnotes are rather childish and that's the reason I voted against them. So far, most of you have agreed with me. (The final results of this poll will be given here next issue.)

The other questions with personal preferences and don't really have a place on this page. However, if you'd like to do my views on the other questions, just drop me a line.

Those of you who have written me know that I try to see both sides of everything. Therefore, what I am about to say may shock you. Some people think that Steve has been doing a bad job of running the Gazette. Well, John Nyman, the fact, yes fact, remains that the YSG is the TOP Marvel-zine around. It has the top writers and the top artists. And in my opinion, one of the top editors.

Listen, Nyman, if you want to feed your own ego by claiming that Ray-Gun is better than the YSG, that's your business. But when you call Cockrum and Gringe crud-artists then you've pushed me too far. Are you comparing them with your artists who do nothing but swipe art from professional artists? Your Ray-Gun is a fairly good zine, but it can't match the YSG and as far as I'm concerned Zeigler does a damn fine job of running the Gang. He's got 350 members to please. How many do you have? And do you maintain a regular schedule like the Gazette does? No, John, it's you, not Steve, that has to learn a lot about editing a fanzine.

Now, that I've aired some negative feelings toward John, I'd like to suggest that you purchase John's Ray-Gun. Send 25¢ to 181 Allen Street; Hackensack, New Jersey 07601. It's interesting and could develop into a top-rate zine.

This summer I've talked with a few of you long-distance and I'd like to take this opportunity to tell them all that I really enjoyed it. I'm talking to Mark Evanier, Rob Solomon, Ken Viola, Mark Riley, and John Meickenhaus.

Mark Evanier, who is one of the most popular writers the YSG has sent me a little note commenting on this column which I'd like to share with you. (Mostly 'cuz I can't figure it out either.)

"The denetarians which deratianalize the circumprosities of the transients endeavor my satiable clinedretters in the echelon of the formasseters. The subclaven by Tony Isabella was intassable with triblehoffers and etaoins on the shazamified tirn."

I want to thank Mark for being such a spirited YSGer and confusing the whole club at one blow.

BIG NEWS! I want to publicly convey my best wishes to Roy and Jean Thomas, who embarked on the first of many years of a blissful married life earlier this summer.

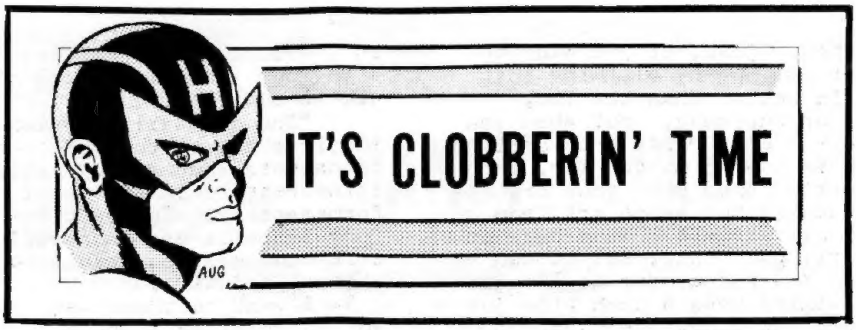
Hey, the YSG is going international with our first member in South Africa. Let's hear a big wahoo for SHANE WILSON!

NEWS-FLASHES: Mike Robertson typed an entire page of his fanzine Concussion without a single typing error. Unfortunately, Mike then spilled a bottle of ink across the page...SUPERZINE IS ALIVE AND LIVING IN EXILE!...The police force of Hackensack, New Jersey, were recently called out to investigate reports of an ax murder. It turned out to be Ken Viola helping his neighbor, Bill Parente, get in the mood to edit the next issues of Creepy and Eerie...Mike Hudak left for a month to enjoy the surfing around Malibu. He was last seen off the coast of Florida, waiting for a wave big enough to take him around the tip of South America...Mark Riley and Brian Bjorgen started work on Superzine #6 today. Those who are interested can send in their money starting with October the first, 1988. (Just kiddin', friend. Send in your 25¢ to SZ at 4214 20 Avenue South; Mpls., Minnesota 55407.)

Well, that's it for this month, troopers. Send all law suits to: TONY ISABELLA/ 11203 PEONY AVE./ CLEVELAND, OHIO 44111.

Coming soon, Tony's own zine, ANYTHING GOES. Among other things, a cover by Jim Steranko. Order from Tony now, at 75¢ and well worth it.

-SZ



Dear Gang,

Talk about Marvel chopping up and changing meanings of letters. This happened to me--twice--in the same month!! Captain America #104 held the first five lines of a very long letter. No-prize or not I looked ridiculous! Iron Man #4 presented my suggestion of letting someone else take over Tony Stark's role as Iron Man. Without printing my reasons why--Stan (or whoever) announced it would be up to the readers. One of my reasons were that his injured heart couldn't take the strain--besides what right does he have to keep a machine (chest plate) that could save so many? Can you imagine what I'm gonna look like when "the Iron Man fans" comment on my letter very soon? Of course I'll write a letter-in-self-defense, but will they print it? I'm wide open for suggestions; anybody? Jim Rohal
3398 W 99 St. Cleveland, Ohio 44102

IT APPEARS THAT THE MAIN ISSUE THESE DAYS IS THE MARVEL LETTERS PAGES, JIM. MOST OF THE LETTERS RECEIVED THIS MONTH WERE CONCERNED WITH THIS TOPIC. --BUT EVERYONE MUST UNDERSTAND THAT, ALTHOUGH THE FAN PLAYS AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN COMIC POLICY, IT IS THE EDITOR, IN THE LAST ANALYSIS, WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO DETERMINE HOW THE MAGAZINE WILL BE RUN. THIS SUBJECT IS SO CONTROVERSIAL THAT MARVEL MAY DECIDE TO CHANGE ITS POLICY, BUT FOR NOW WE MUST GO ON THE DECISIONS LAID FORTH BY ROY THOMAS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.

Dear Steve,

Congrats on reaching a real landmark in your membership! Surely hope the money problems iron out, but right now the company policy of NO plugs in the bulletin page stands. If it ever changes, the YSG will be first on the list.

ar The new western is called DARK ARROW, and it's going to be a feature, not a whole book. The code just had us change a few things in the Fury/Val love scene --and even Jim agrees that it came out better. As for Steranko's TALON, we dunno if it's going to be a 35-center.
Roy Thomas

MUCH GRAS FOR THE INFO, ROY!! AND WE'RE SURE THAT THE REST OF THE GANG UNDERSTANDS ABOUT THE FANZINE PLUGS--IT'S STICKY BUSINESS AND COULD CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE.

Dear Yancy Streeters,

Tony Isabella is right about Marvel's letter pages! In my letter that was printed in X-Men #42 I spent almost a full page listing my criticisms of art and lettering, and everything that I said, except one sentence about Werner Roth and one sentence about Don Heck was deleted! In fact, my comment supposedly on Heck's artwork was in reality on Ross Andru's penciling, with Heck's inking! The last sentence of my letter seemed to have a different meaning in the form in which it was printed than in the original letter. I hear you're having another depression, so I'm sending in my dues in advance with this letter. If you get over this depression, I hope you can try adding more pages like in YSG #17.
Jeffrey Taylor
9115 Kirkdale Rd. Bethesda, Maryland 20034

THANKS TO GREAT YANCY STREETERS LIKE YOU, JEFF, WE'RE OUT OF THE DEPRESSION AND THE GANG'S FLOWERING AGAIN. SEE ROY THOMAS' ARTICLE IN THIS ISH FOR HIS COMMENTS ON RE-WRITTEN LETTERS.

Dear YSGers,

Next letters section in YSG may have more "Bite-Marvel-Letter-Section" types. This will most likely be due to the recent policy of Marvel not answering letters--Fans liked the answers as much as the story.

EXTRA FANZINE REVIEW

STEVE ZEIGLER

Superzine

Mark Riley and Brian Bjorgen do a fine job on their zine, although it was better before they switched to their smaller size. It is by far the best humor and satire zine around, lampooning everything from Dan Adkins to toilets. Mark is a fine editor, but sometimes tends to allow gross obscenities into the zine. Art: fair. Photo offset printing, format somewhat as the YSGazette's. Recommended. 25¢ a copy. Order from Mark Riley, 4000 20th Ave. South. Mols., 7 Minn. 55407

Witzend

Wally Wood, editor. Artists: Wood, Ditko, Frazetta, Crandall, Brand, Morrow, Kurtzman. Elder. Don Martin, Williamson... B. Pearson is editor now, for Wally will begin work on DC's Capt. Action. Box 882 Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023

Marvel Mirror

Greg Kishel's editing makes this one of the better zines. Despite the average art, Kishel publishes fine articles--s, Kishel makes this a zine to look forward to. Lithograph. Only four 8½ by 11 pages, but then, he only charges 15¢. 311-8½ Street South/ Virginia, Minnesota 55792

Graphic Story Magazine

One of the pro zines in fandom. Truly a magazine (the word fanzine would be degrading applied here) for the older, more intellectual fan. Very excellent art. You'll be surprised when you first look at this: It is a true magazine, slick paper, color, and all. Order from Bill Spicer, 4878 Granada St. Los Angeles 90042/, California --75¢per copy

Concussion

Mike Robertson's all-company zine is folksy, entertaining, and is long enough to provide a good variety of features and articles. Concussion is a mimeographed 30-40 pager with Photo-offset cover--usually by Hanley and very good. This is the best job I've ever seen done in mimeograph, and the art, now done by electric stenciling, is getting better. Too many dull articles, but it is generally a very good variety fanzine. 30¢ from Mike Robertson, Rt #1 Box 95, Maple Valley, Washington 98038

Marvel Tribune

Although it is a misuse of photo-offset, Ron has built what looks from a distance a zine with great potential. Using YSG style, he has augmented quite a list of subscribers. you may find a few dull articles, but generally fun to read. 25¢ 63 Fontainbleau/ Willowdale, Ont., Can.

art by Werner Roth
for the YSG